

M. George

The PRESERVATION *of the* FAITH



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unto the Lord for all the things
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It is your great privilege to be able

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for you
who have helped
him reach his
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Chalice of the
B l o o d
of the
Savior and
the Flesh
that is
the Food of
Eternal Life.

YOU MAY SHARE
IN THE REWARDS OF A
PRIESTLY LIFE BY ADOPTING A
PRIEST BROTHER,—BY PAYING
IN WHOLE OR IN PART, FOR THE
EDUCATION OF A YOUNG STUDENT
FOR THE MISSIONARY PRIESTHOOD



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The Preservation of the Faith



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The Preservation of the Faith

"We should receive with joy and enthusiasm such periodicals as *The Preservation of the Faith* and we should read them carefully. They keep before us the truths of faith and show us the way to fight the good fight and preserve that faith which leads to victory."

✠ Amleto G. Cicognani
Apostolic Delegate

"You are to be congratulated on the format and presentation as well as for the excellent articles therein. The neo-paganism on all sides today makes us realize the dangers to those of the household of faith. You are doing a beautiful work, may the Holy Spirit enlighten and strengthen you always."

✠ Edwin V. Byrne
Bishop of San Juan, Puerto Rico

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Brother Leo

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Annals of Saint Joseph

Hand-Made Messiahes

by Edward F. Murphy, S. S. J.

WHEN it comes to creeds, folly is no respecter of racial groups. Those Negroes who rush hither and thither after Father Divine are not one whit funnier than many white people who chase after their own Messiahes.

CLAUDE McKAY, Negro novelist, observes that the most African characteristic of Manhattan's black city within a white one is a multitude of amazing cults. If so, the strangest of these worships, no doubt, has been that of Father Divine, the little brown titan who, to himself and his would-be sons and daughters, is—or was—God.

With economic necessity forcing "God" to vacate his heaven on 126th Street and let a lesser being with more cash move in, the future of Divinism seemed to be somewhat in reverse. But it is on the up again and "Krum Elbow" may become a national institution. But for many a long day the memory of the home-made deity who changed Harlem from a place to a personality will cause eyes to glisten in Aframerican faces, and smiles to bud on the thin proud lips of Caucasia.

Now the lips of Caucasia have a right to be thin, since nature molded them that way. But proud? Well, a bit of reminiscence should convince even the smuggest that, when it comes to creeds, folly is no respecter of racial groups. Let us look back, and blush with a realization that Harlemites, rushing pell mell after a sepia theophany, have not been a whit funnier than we whites ourselves on many an occasion. For instance—

There were the respective big toes of Margaret and Kate Fox, which, with a tap-tap-tap, succeeded in kicking up the stir known as Spiritism, at Hydesville, N. Y., in the middle of the last century. And what those two rustic maidens started with their feet, such illuminati as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle eventually accepted with their hearts!—And can we forget yester-

year's vogue of Pastor Russell who had crowds noisily proclaiming that "millions now living will never die"?—albeit that, in the brief course of time, Russellites, like ordinary creatures, were gathered to their fathers, and even buried, presumably by mistake.—Behold Buchmanism, emphasizing sex by so vividly confessing and denouncing it that young converts found, and still find, their libidoses soaring to some vague peace-objective on wings of purity and pruriency.—Next, think of Annie Besant, ace-pupil of Madam Blavatsky, foisting a new messiah on the world in the person of a young Oriental, Krishnamurti, who wore spats, travelled not unlike a Count de Money, purchased a quite substantial nirvana of his own in California, was flower-petalled by American femininity, and, in climax, delivered himself to an open-mouthed Occident of the bromide that gold and godliness do not make the best combination.

Too, glance at the sweep of New Thought in our land and confess that Harlem extremities, after all, may not be extreme. This movement was first known as "the Boston craze", and inspires one to recall: "If in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?" Twisting the old truth that God became man into the blasphemy that man *is* God, New Thought flatteringly revealed the average puny individual unto himself as just a misunderstood Jupiter. Poof for the seers and wonder-workers of old! A few minutes of concentration per day, according to Masters Phineas P. Quinby and Warren Felt Evans, could evoke a more-than-Mahomet out of any man and assure a burst of miracles. Everyone could

become his own savior. Everything, from heartbreak to dandruff, could be remedied by cerebral righteousness. Modestly Father Divine merely made himself God: New Thought proudly conferred the possibility of apotheosis on anybody who could spell it, and on many who could not.—And Mother Mary Baker Eddy! Think of the men of prominence (not to mention financial standing) whom she attracted to her religion of Christian Science, which, it has been so devastatingly and accurately observed over and over again, is neither Christian nor scientific. Bahaism, Mormonism, Shakerism: all these and other such misty messages with mighty claims have added their sanctified insanity to the American quest for final truth, rendering it absurd for white folk to appear oh-so-superior to black in point of immunity from religious excess. Even today, we are told, pale apostles of ophiolatry bow to snakes in the Bronx Zoo; and there are certain religionists of rhythm who, o' Sundays, having their "minister" read them such sacred texts as Keats' "*Sonnet on Blue*", respond by waving their arms, shaking their hips, and rolling their eyes in what is intended to be an ecstasy of higher observance. Finally, in the name of religion as practised by some white Americans, there are certain dark cults alongside which the Father Divine ritual looks like a kind of light.

We Catholics are so well supplied, spiritually, that it is not always easy for us to realize a soul-state opposite to our own. In our churches, we have the Sacred Humanity. And even as we come to God Incarnate, He comes to us, and heart speaks to heart, and being melts into being, and the deepest yearning within us is so satisfied with *Panis Angelicus* that earth can be a foretaste of heaven. Yet beyond this blessed circle of sufficiency, a spiritual famine, in varying degrees, reigns; and there is an aching emptiness to the inner lives of men, which drives them at times to devour themselves, like Erysichthon of the Grecian myth, with their own emotions. It is understandable that the husks of swine should now and then seem a relative luxury. Indeed some souls are so

sick because of their long fast from truth that they have become apparently incapable of grasping it at all, and the foodlessness of atheism is their larder. Hence we are not without hearing the crazed shout: "The hour to overthrow the Church has come. Arise, ye prisoners of the priest! Strike down the God of superstition! Cast aside supernatural faith and fear! Be men!"

Such hate signifies hunger: hunger so deep and consuming that the victims are unable to recognize it for what it is. God is so painfully wanted that the attempt not to want Him, or to accept some natural substitute for Him, appeals to these paupers of the spirit as a release from pain.

The hour has indeed come, not for men to overthrow the Church, but for the Church—and that means ourselves—to spread the tidings as never before. The terrible economic situation in the world today is but an external phase of the interior dearth in the lives of men. While Palestine lies famished, there is golden grain aplenty in the Land of Egypt. If the goods of this earth are ever to be more fairly distributed, the goods of the spirit—especially the truth—must first be communized. We are followers of Him Who had compassion on the multitude; and how may we claim such a distinction without similar compassion? Well satisfied with our religion, we should be eminently dissatisfied with ourselves in sharing it.

The Negro is calling to us, as the Macedonian called to the Apostle Paul. Were we to exercise our Christianity by practising a more Christian attitude toward "our brother in black," we should be far more effectual and magnetic in our appeal to those of our own group who wander in darkness and, losing the way, at best accept shadow for substance, and at worst some monstrosity for a messias. In other words, to Catholicize the Negro would mean more thoroughly to Christianize ourselves, would mean to draw many a wanderer, with skin like our own, from fantasy to "the way, the truth, and the life," and to enhance the all too meagre dignity of the religious annals of our times.

Church and State

by Richard Deverall

ANYONE can talk about "The Dark Ages" and give reasons why in these modern times Church and State should be separated. But not everyone knows history—and quite a few do not care about it. The battles between Church and State, especially in Europe, and growing in the United States, make it imperative for Christians to know more of the historical background of this question.

DURING the course of the Fourth Century after Christ, when the Emperor Constantine granted toleration of the Catholic religion and called an end to the bloody persecutions of the Christians, the Church faced a society that was in the grip of death. The Rome of Caesar Augustus had crumbled before the inexorable march of socio-economic forces which the Roman State was powerless to stem. Business was stagnant, taxes had become unbearable, and the Army dominated the civil government. Roman society was decaying: marriage was disrupted by a high divorce rate, and birth control and infanticide became popular. In addition, the culture of republican Rome was diluted by the influx of untutored, savage barbarians from the North and East who constantly were coming into the Empire. By the Fifth Century, the Roman State had decayed to such an extent that the only organization left in Western Europe was the Roman Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church was called upon to fulfill a great historic mission: to convert the barbarians to Christianity, and to continue the law and tradition of ancient Rome. From the Sixth to the Tenth Centuries, approximately, the Church bent its efforts toward this great aim. The Church succeeded, magnificently. It was slow work, yes, but the Church finally began to win the battle against superstition and downright ignorance.

The great monasteries and cathedrals during this period were the only sources of culture and civilization. They were the only sources of law and order, for the kings and rulers of the barbarians were little better than bandits. When the time came for more settled civil conditions (after the rule of Charlemagne and the last of the Nordic invasions of Europe) the monasteries began to foster trade and industry, because of their need for incense, silks, and linen. The monks and priests preached the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ, and the practical outcome of their work was the "Peace of God," a truce of peace which did much to alleviate the warfare of the day. Men were formed into religious confraternities the object of which was the construction of roads, bridges, and such. Generally, ever so gradually, trade was resumed, small towns began to dot Europe, and the progressive march of civilization was resumed. Trade and commerce now functioned normally.

However, Rome died. It was powerless to do otherwise. The Church alone was left. It was no question then of Church and State, during that period called the "Dark Ages." Had it not been for the Church, it is indeed difficult to imagine how Europe would have been able to build up a new civilization on the ruins of the old one. The Church was the salvation of Western civilization in more than one sense.

It is that period which has been termed the "Dark Ages." They were dark ages in

spite of the Church. Once the Church had an opportunity to Christianize society, the darkness lifted.

The so-called Middle Ages ran from the end of the Tenth to the beginning of the Fourteenth Century. At the beginning of this period, the Church was strong, the State weak. At the end of the same period, the State dominated the Church. What happened during those three centuries is highly important.

At the beginning of the Middle Ages, the functions of Church and State were confused. Because of the weakness of the State, the Church had for centuries performed many functions which were essentially civil in character. The Church did not usurp these functions, but rather the Church was forced to assume them in order to preserve civilization from utter ruin. This fact is fundamental, for people today speak as if greedy Churchmen took over the State. The true facts are, of course, that the Church simply had to do what she did.

As one writer has put it, the Church of the early Middle Ages was a secular Church, the State a sacerdotal State. That is, the functions of Church and State were so overlapped at many points that the State performed ecclesiastical functions, and the Church performed civil functions. For instance, many of the courts were run by the Church; and often Abbots and priests were nominated or elected by secular rulers. That is why the Pope ruled both Church and civil authority, while the kings and barons governed civil and ecclesiastical affairs. It is difficult to grasp how things were in those days, but we must get the picture of Churchmen and lay rulers working side by side under the same system of close Church-State relations.

Because of the threat of Moorish invasion from the East, the Papacy in 1095 preached the first of the great Crusades. These great Crusades had, among other things, the effect of promoting among the people of Europe a new sense of national rivalry and national independence. Kings began to acquire new and greater powers. As their power

extended, they included under them not only the civil functions, but they began to seize Church authority. Kings demanded not only to have a hand in the election of bishops, but even attempted to dictate the elections of Popes. From Pope Gregory VII to Pope Boniface VIII, the Church fought mightily to preserve its integrity, but the physical might of crafty kings prevailed.

Unfortunately for the Church, the Fourteenth Century witnessed a series of disastrous events. The Black Death of 1348 decimated the population of Europe. Deplorable moral conditions followed. At the same time, due to a dispute over elections, the Papacy was disrupted and Europe witnessed the undignified spectacle of two men each claiming to be the legitimate Pontiff and Vicar of Christ on Earth. This disruption of the Papacy played into the hands of the now powerful monarchs of Europe. They fought the Church, suppressed the authority of the Papacy, and failed to give the Church that which was due Her. No wonder that when a German monk, Martin Luther, preached revolt from Rome the princes of Europe seized upon this as an excuse for destroying the remaining authority of the Church and of confiscating Her property. Later, Henry VIII of England, for different reasons, rejected Catholicism and liquidated Churchmen and Church property in his country.

Behind all of these revolutions we see one deep-seated motive: The State wanted to complete its domination of the Church by destroying the universal character of Catholicism. In England, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries this was done. In France and Spain the Church lost its universal character, partly, and was forced to assume a more national aspect.

The State had won!

The history of the Church from the time of the Protestant Revolution until the World War is a sorry one. Catholicism has been permitted to exist, but the great national States, if they tolerate it, progressively weakened it by secularizing marriage and making education a State instead of a Church function. Today, in Northern Europe, the

State is attempting to replace Christianity with the religion of the State: nationalism.

From the time of the Emperor Constantine, therefore, the Church has never dominated the State. When the State was weak, the Church preserved society, making possible the rise of the modern States. But once these new States were on their feet, the State was not content with performing its own functions but gradually forced the Church out of its proper position. How empty is the phrase that "the Church ran everything in the Middle Ages." It is a horrible, historic lie.

Modern Conditions

The States of today are either secular States or totalitarian States, with few exceptions (as Portugal). The secular States are those which permit the Church to operate, but which do not openly acknowledge any religion at all. The totalitarian States are those which do not tolerate any formal religion, but set up their own cult of nationalism or State worship, as Pope Pius XI terms it.

Now a Christian cannot tolerate either the secular State or a Totalitarian State, for each deny to the Church its proper sphere of action. Let us review briefly the Catholic position and then see how it fits in with modern conditions.

The State is an institution which is a natural society, that is, because man is born to live in society, it is natural that every civilized community will have some central, ruling authority. This ruling authority is the State. Now the State receives its authority to govern from God, *and only from God*. That is, just as God created man, so also has he created the State through man. The State, of course, exists to help man. It must help all men to live in peace and prosperity.

If the State has been created by God just as men are, so too is the State subject to God's Will just as are men. And as individuals owe to God their gratitude for His Goodness, so must the State publicly acknowledge its benefactor, God Almighty.

A Call to Catholics

by Pope Pius XI

Catholics are called upon not merely to to enjoy—rightfully, fully—the peace of Christ, but to conform and spread Christ's Kingdom, to confirm and spread His peace.

But it must be the "*peace of Christ*", not merely, confused, sentimental, and indiscriminate pacifism.

It would be a grave error to believe that true, durable peace can reign among men and peoples so long as they turn their first, chief, and most ardent efforts to the search after sensible, material and earthly things.

Therefore, it follows that the State which does not publicly acknowledge God sins against His Will, for it is bound to worship Him just as are men.

When we consider that the function of the State is to promote the well-being of all its citizens, this duty of the State to acknowledge God is made doubly clear. Man's end is God. The practice of religion is the connecting link between God and man. For that reason, if the State is best to serve man, it must see that the practice of religion is preserved unharmed.

As man is more important than the State, and as the State must serve man, it is obvious that the Church is superior to the State, for while the State is concerned only with the affairs of this world the Church also is concerned with the things of the world to come. The Church, not the State, is man's guide to Heaven. As man's guardian, the Church possesses the God-given power of "seeing to, and legislating for, all

that concerns religion." That means the Church has the right to teach all nations, to spread freely the Faith, and to take charge of all matters concerned with religion and its practice.

Pope Leo XIII, in the Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, teaches: "The Almighty . . . has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, and the other over human, things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is . . . an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right." Although each have their own sphere of authority, there are many times when the authority of Church and State seem to overlap. Leo XIII, therefore, lays down the principle that: "Whatever . . . in things human is of sacred character, whatever belongs either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls, or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to the civil authority." If this rule is followed faithfully, peace and harmony must obtain between Church and State, for they are observing their mutual rights and duties.

That is the theory of Church and State which Catholics accept. How about modern conditions?

The problem of Church and State is today more complicated than ever before, because of the fact that since the Protestant Revolution hundreds of new religions have arisen. In most countries, there are many large sects which all possess authority over their respective followers. In the face of this, the modern States admit of none of them, consigning all questions of a religious or moral nature to the judgment of the individual citizens. Thus, in effect, *the modern secular States are agnostic if not atheistic* (as is modern Russia). The State then cuts

itself off from God, and refuses to render unto God the things that are God's.

Under such a system, youth receives a godless education, in many countries religious orders are suppressed, the clergy are restricted, and the lawful authority of the Pope is ignored or violated. No wonder that Leo XIII exclaims: "To exclude the Church . . . from the business of life, from the power of making laws, from the training of youth, from domestic society, is a grave and fatal error. *A State from which religion is banished can never be well regulated.*" (Italics ours).

The problem of Church and State is age-old. Because the State has failed to recognize the moral authority of the Church, there has been no peace for centuries. During that brief period when Church and State operated side by side—during the Catholic Middle Ages—one of the world's greatest cultures was created. But greedy secular rulers were not content with that, and they "freed" the State from the Church . . . and from God. Since then, civilization has crumbled before revolution, anarchism, and communism. Even today the nations of Europe are tearing out each other's vitals in the mad race for national supremacy. They know not their God.

Peace? There can never be peace until the State recognizes the moral authority of the Church. There can be no peace, no order until Caesar is put in his place. When Christ is King, in private and in public, then will human society again achieve the peace, order, and stability which it lost centuries ago.

Writing centuries ago, Ivo of Chartres said: "When kingdom and priesthood are at one, in complete accord, the world is well ruled, and the Church flourishes, and brings forth abundant fruit. But when they are at variance, not only smaller interests prosper not, but even things of greatest moment fall into deplorable decay."

And yet today, hundreds of years later, men still insist that State and Church must be entirely cut apart! A glance at modern Europe shows the horrible result of such a separation.

"You Can't Take It With You"

by Henry Watts

ONE thing is certain in this uncertain world and that is, that no matter what you may possess at this very moment or whatever you may acquire in the years ahead of you—you can't take it with you when you die.

THE young man called upon Father Bernard Vaughan at Farm Street, in London, and was shown into a dingy parlor, smelling strongly of beeswax—as all conventual parlors seem to smell—and dull almost to extinction, which also appears peculiarly atmospherical to parlors in religious houses.

Father Vaughan entered the parlor and very affably listened to the young man who wanted his advice about entering a business career, and then replied, if not in these actual words, at least in words not greatly differing in their import. "My dear Mr. X., I am, as you can plainly see for yourself, just a poor old Jesuit vowed to poverty. I have no contacts with the business world, unless you choose to call contacts my special business of trying to help business men save their souls. However, do not let that discourage you. Go to such and such a department store on Oxford Street. Enter that store, and mark well whatever may strike your eye on entering. That is the best advice I can give you. Goodbye, and may God bless you!"

Whereupon, with the blessing of God and the pious advice of Father Bernard Vaughan, the young man departed from the faded parlor of Farm Street, and straightway betook himself to a very famous emporium on Oxford Street, brighteyed and alert for whatever might fall across his imagination.

The first thing the young man saw as he approached the department store was the outer door, and upon it in large letters was the legend "Push." The young man pushed, only to find his progress stayed by yet another door upon which he read the one word "Pull." At once he was overpowered by the profound wisdom which he had heard from the lips of the sage of Farm Street, and which had led him to this entrance to business success.

Whether the young man by sheer courage profited by this lesson, and pushed his way clear through the obstacles that lay at the entrance to a business career, and then, by pulling his weight, was called up higher is not known, nor does it matter much. It is not even a part of this rumination to consider whether the art of go-getting or the science of high pressure salesmanship sprang from the pious and disciplined mind of Father Bernard Vaughan. The only thing worth noticing is that if, being in a ruminative mood and seeking that whereupon to ruminate, that something can pretty surely always be found to hand.

And that, if I may be permitted to put it in so blunt a fashion, is why I was so amazingly overpowered when I first saw the legend, "You Can't Take It With You." It was somewhere in the remoter wilds of Yonkers—if you have any ideas at all about Yonkers—that this clamant paean of wisdom rose up

like an avenging angel before me. Above it, high on the hillside, rose tall, crested pines. About it were scattered the unhealed wounds of a volcanic eruption that man had blasted to fashion a new speedway. Somewhere, but not too far away, the bell in a convent chapel tolled the mid-day angelus. And amid all this wild and romantic countryside there blazoned to the skies (as also to the observant passer-by) this legend that you can't take it with you.

Can't take it with you? There was the mystery that might have remained a mystery, but for something else—the fact that beneath these glowing words appeared other words no less terrifying in their import, “a magnificently funny show.” That, to my mind at all events, made the whole thing clear. The pine trees lifting their slender green heads high to heaven. The everlasting hills baring their scars in the healing warmth of God's sunshine. The convent bell ringing out the Angelical Salutation. The magnificently funny show. It was all quite true: You *can't* take it with you!

I do not wish to spoil a good story, particularly as it is one of Our Lord's Parables, by reciting it here in full. You can read the whole of it in the Holy Gospel according to Saint Luke, chapter twelve, verses 16 to 21. But, briefly, the story is this. There was a certain country squire who had done very well for himself: money in the bank, bacon in the smokehouse, roots in the cellar, meats of all kinds stocked away in the icehouse. Meditating upon all these good things, the country squire said to himself: “Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years take thy rest; eat, drink, make good cheer.”

So he thought, and would long have continued to think, but God took a hand in the business. And God spoke: “Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee.” That, so I gather from the parable, was magnificently funny. For with all this wealth which he contemplated with such complacency, the country gentleman quite overlooked the notion that he could take none of it with him.

I am not perversely hinting here that there is anything in the Divine Law which would

Chalked on Side of Freight Car, 11th Avenue,
New York, City

Rags make money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make mortgages.
Mortgages make rags.

forbid our having something in the bank, and bacon in the smokehouse, and roots in the cellar, and the icehouse well stocked. It was not the rich man's possession of all these things which moved God to call him a fool; *it was his unwise self-sufficiency in the possession of them.* But each of us, like this country gentleman in the parable, whether we like it or like it not, does go out of this world exactly as we came into this world—with nothing. It might be, so it would seem, quite a good argument in favor of shedding some of those possessions with which we are surrounded, whilst we are yet alive and still able voluntarily to shed them. It is quite a good argument in favor of giving of our goods (in charity and for the love of God) whatever we are able to spare, that the progress of God's Kingdom on earth may be advanced.

Of course it is more than likely that this Christian sentiment and counsel of charity may have been utterly remote from the thoughts of the *entrepreneur*, who caused this amazing vision to arise amid the wild hills of Yonkers. He may have had in mind nothing more abysmally dull than the advertising of a theatrical show. The wild romanticism of his legend's implications may not so much as have dawned upon him. The loss is his. The gain is to all who may be blessed with the mystical vision of Father Bernard Vaughan, which saw a moral lesson in so prosaic a phenomenon as the door of a department store.

Let us do good while we can—that is how the Apostle phrased it. For it is certain, certain as the flaming proclamation that raised itself below the crested pines on that hillside, that whatever may be your worldly wealth, you cannot take it with you!

Anti-Semitism

and Christianity

by Eugene Cullinane, C. S. B.

HERE is a Christian attitude towards everything. It is the attitude of Jesus Christ expressing itself in and through His Mystical Body by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Catholics, as members of the Mystical Body, must make it the main business of life to manifest this Christian attitude in their every thought, their every word, and their every action. To fail to do so is to harm the Mystical Body of Christ and to curtail its functions in the world. And this is to betray the cause of Christ.

With a wave of anti-Semitism sweeping the modern world, it is extremely important that Catholics manifest in their daily life a truly Christian attitude towards the Jews. We shall find this attitude expressed clearly and with perfect exactness only in the life and actions of our divine Lord.

Upon analysis we find that Christ had a two-fold attitude towards the Jews. His attitude towards Jewish society as a whole, towards the nation, differed considerably from His attitude towards the individual Jew.

We find Him on one occasion weeping over Jerusalem and prophesying its destruction. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not? Behold, your house shall be left to you, desolate." (Matt. XXIII, 37, 38).

In analyzing these words for their sociological content, we must be extremely careful to observe the Saviour does not prophesy the destruction of the Jewish people *as individual persons*, nor does He place any curse upon them singly and separately. On the

contrary, we know that He gave adequate assurance that there were some amongst them who would be saved. "Amen, I say to you, there are some of them that stand here, that shall not taste death, till they see the Son of Man coming in His kingdom." (Matt. XVI, 28).

The important sociological distinction to be made here is between the individual and the social group, between the individual Jew and the Jewish nation. Much of the unjust anti-Semitism which existed in the medieval world could have been avoided, had this proper distinction been made.

Notice how exact is the Divine Word in making this proper distinction. See how carefully chosen are the words of prophecy, how carefully spoken is the curse. Why does His prophecy focus upon the temple? Why does he say of it, that there shall not remain "a stone upon a stone"? The reason is because, for the Jews, the temple was the symbol, at one and the same time, of their national pride and their religious glory, or interchangeably, of their religious pride and their national glory. The nation, or, more correctly, the race, was a religious thing, and the religion a national or racial thing. God was their ruler and they His people. They were a politico-religious sociological unit, a theocratic people.

We must observe, however, for our present purpose, that at the time of Christ the theocratic character of the chosen people had virtually ceased to manifest itself in either the political or religious realities of Jewish life. Politically, they had succumbed to Roman domination: they had been forced to render their allegiance to Caesar. A similar mishap had overtaken the theocracy on the

religious side. In the course of their later history they had gradually drifted away, as a nation, from the true religion of their forefathers. Christ constantly upbraided them for neglecting the spirit of the law in their excessive zeal for the meticulous observance of external formalities. They had actually ceased, as a nation, to worship the God of their fathers. Their observances were vain and empty. The money-changers in the temple indicate better than anything else to what extent the Jewish religion of that time had degenerated. What so incensed the Divine Word was that the sacred sacrifices were being made the occasion of an economic "racket." How truly He spoke when He said of them: "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." (Matt. XV, 8). They were a theocracy only in name.

Although the Jewish theocracy as a sociological force in the world had been long enfeebled by religious indifference and political adversity, the external framework remained until the destruction of Jerusalem and of the temple in the year 70 A.D. This event marked the formal termination of the theocratic epoch in man's history. In prophesying this destruction, the rejected Messiah foretold the end of the Messianic nation and the Messianic religion. The temple was the symbol of both: in prophesying the destruction of the temple, the Messiah prophesied the destruction of both. It is no mere human accident that the present exile and dispersion of the Jews has lasted for almost 1900 years. It seems to be one of the sociological consequences of Calvary.

When any man rejects the Son of God it is a personal tragedy: when a nation rejects Him it is a national, a sociological tragedy. Although retaining His affection for the Jews, as individuals, Christ knew that, as a nation, they would reject Him and His teaching, and this is precisely what caused Him to weep over Jerusalem and at the same time foretell its doom. He knew that, as a nation, the Jews were so obstinate in their blindness and perversity that they would never believe in Him, "not even if one were

to rise from the dead." It is for this reason that He referred to them as a "hard and stiff-necked people."

The chief priests and Pharisees—the leaders of the people—were responsible, in the main, for the turning of the national tide against the Messiah. It is for this reason that He poured out His most severe rebukes upon them. So vicious and tragic was their crime that He called them, amongst other things, a "brood of vipers." He made it a point to call their attention more than once to the strategic position which they held in the nation, and the social consequences of their own personal infamy was a constant source of sorrow to him. "They are blind," He said to the apostles, "and leaders of the blind."

It came to pass, therefore, that, with the uttering of the words of prophecy, "Behold, your house shall be left to you, desolate," the fate of the Jewish people, as a people, was sealed. By the act of rejecting the Messiah—an act of the national will—the very reason for the perpetuity of the Jewish religion and of the Jewish nation passed away.

We must always remember, however, and never cease to repeat in these days when the evil passion of anti-Semitism rages so fiercely, that the politico-religious doom of Judaism foretold by Christ left the individual Jew entirely master of his own destiny. The truth of the matter is that the Messiah had a special predilection for them, as individual Jews. They were the special object of His mission and His love. "Go ye not into the way of the Gentiles," He had said to the apostles, "and into the city of Samaritans enter ye not. But go ye rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Matt. X, 5, 6). And he spoke in the same language to the woman of Canaan: "I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel." They were His own, and He had come "unto His own." Constantly, we are told, He "had compassion on the multitude"—and it was a Jewish multitude.

The Christian attitude can be only one of compassion. If the sad history of the Jews in the Christian era is a sociological consequence of their national sin—the rejection

That is why holy persons are like receiving stations. They are alert. They are tuned to catch the messages God is transmitting and they record and retransmit to those who will hear.

Every day is bargain day for the grace of God. "Behold, now is the acceptable time, behold now is the day of salvation." "Come ye, buy wine and milk without money, and without any price." Spiritualize yourself first. All reformation begins with self. In vain do we labor for any cause unless we first tune our hearts and mind and will to the voice of God Who will have us to love Him alone and not have strange gods before Him.

Adventure In Harlem

by Catherine de Hueck

EIGHT months ago we embarked on an adventure. We did not have far to go—all we had to do was to strap one small suitcase, grab our faithful typewriter, and board the Seventh Avenue Subway.

As we rode north we tried to think that we were embarking on a sailing vessel of past centuries—that was going to take us to distant lands, to conquer souls for God—and although our destination was only 138th Street—the rumbling of the subway was music to our ears and our imagination. It sounded like the noise of an anchor being raised . . . we were composing mentally long letters to all the friends we were leaving behind.

But here was our stop—135th Street—. Hastily we emerged from the dark tunnel of the subway into a new unknown distant land. For all around us were gay Negro faces. We had arrived in Harlem.

The house we were supposed to live in did not look like a bamboo dwelling or a log cabin—it was just an ordinary city apartment house—tall and ugly. We had only a very tiny flat in its big depths. But the glamour of adventure was in us—and we were but weary travelers who at last had reached their blessed goal. Swiftly we unpacked the suitcase and pinned to the wall a picture of Blessed Martin de Porres we had

brought with us—the patron saint of our new mission.

A room, a bath, a suitcase, a typewriter—all our earthy possessions, plus three dollars. What fun it is to be poor—poor for Christ's sake—nothing to worry about, no possessions that possess you, so much more than you them.

Have you ever accepted alms? Do you know how sweet a loaf of bread and a glass of milk taste when given to you for Christ's sake—try it sometime and see. We found out about it when a White and a Negro gentleman brought us our first gift, welcoming us in their midst.

Have you ever known the joy of unexpected gifts in general—we can still feel the thrill of joy that was ours when a couch came? What if its spring stuck out all over the place—it was a gift of love and the tables, chairs, crockery, books, lamps, curtains—words fail us when we try to explain the childish joy that they brought us. To start on nothing, to launch into the deep, to leave all things behind for a glorious adventure with God. This must be tried to be understood.

Today, eight months later—we sit back and survey God's gifts to us and marvel at His goodness to allow us this great privilege of laboring in one of the desolate portions of His Vineyard.

The Catholic Youth Organization of our parish numbers one hundred and thirty-five members—young Negro boys and girls. It is a co-ed affair. The first Thursday is devoted to Religious instruction, which takes the form of lectures given by well-known speakers and priests, followed by Open Forum discussion period. The second Thursday of the month is "Hobby Day", which aims to be both educational and recreational. The following hobbies have been selected by the Club members themselves: Gregorian Chant, Journalism, Photography, Drawing, (mural project under the title of "The Church and the Negro"), Clay Modeling, Nature Study and Crafts. The third Thursday is devoted to athletics—basketball, baseball, track, and boxing. The fourth Thursday of the month is a social event, a dance and games are in

order. We are very proud of our journalism section which is putting out a paper all its own, under the name of *The CYO Exclusive*.

St. Martin de Porres Catholic Lending Library and Reading Room opened its doors to the Harlem public on May 17th, 1938, and has been wonderfully patronized ever since, so much so that our clients get books sent to them as far out as North Carolina, proving once more that the Negro is on the march. The library is open to all and everyone, and we hope will prove the greatest means of indoctrination at our disposal. At present it is located in Blessed Martin de Porres Flat, 48 West 138th Street, Apt. 8-C, but some day St. Francis is bound to send us the rent for the large store on the Avenue.

Study Clubs too, are organized. We have two on Social Reconstruction and one on Liturgy. Our general goal or aim is to create an Apostolate of the Negro by the Negro, in accordance with the desire of the Holy Father. It will take time but, with the help of the prayers of the Faithful, and work, it is not so impossible as it seems at first. The field is vast. There is much work to do. We plan to start consumer's cooperatives as a means of self-help so needed in this community. In line with it will also be credit unions. And since the Negro now is entering more and more into the Trade Unions, a Worker's School that will give the Catholic Negro members of these Trade Unions, labor history, labor ethics, and labor relations is being planned. Thus the work shall radiate into many directions and God alone sees where it will finally lead. All we have to do is to radiate Christ amongst people who need Him desperately.

Holy Trinity Guild Convention

IN a stirring address to the members of the Holy Trinity Guilds, assembled at the National Shrine of Saint Joseph, Stirling, New Jersey for their Fifth National Convention, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Thomas H. McLaughlin, Bishop of Paterson,

praised and encouraged the participation of the laity in the missionary work of religious communities. His Excellency compared the work of the Holy Trinity Guilds to those holy women and friends who followed Christ and His Apostles ministering to their wants, and giving edification everywhere by their prayerful and unselfish lives. He exhorted the Guild members, most of whom have already given a son to the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity, or a daughter to the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity, to strengthen the bond that existed between them and the two communities, so that by their prayer and sacrifice they might bring to a greater fruitfulness the lives of those children whom they had already sacrificed so bravely to God's service.

His Excellency's address, which was carried by loud speakers to those outside the chapel, came at the conclusion of a Solemn High Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost, which opened the convention. Very Reverend Father Turibius Gabriel, M.S.S.S.T., Vicar-General of the Missionary Servants, was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Reverend Father Theophane M.S.S.S.T., as Deacon, Reverend Father Ambrose M.S.S.S.T., as Subdeacon, and Reverend William F. Lewis, Chancellor of the Diocese of Paterson, as Master of Ceremonies. Wearing the gold vestments of the Solemn Mass, the celebrant and his assistants proceeded to the vesting rooms of the Bishop, where started an impressive procession to the sanctuary of the Shrine. A cross bearer led the way across the spacious lawns to the Shrine chapel, followed by the acolytes and various ministers of the Mass, the attendants of the Bishop, and finally by Bishop McLaughlin himself, in the brilliant robes of his office, and bearing the Crozier, the symbol of his authority and responsibility as Head of the Diocese. Reaching the Sanctuary, His Excellency led the prayers at the foot of the altar, as the choir intoned the Introit of the Mass, and then ascended the scarlet-canopied episcopal throne, to preside, as the Holy Sacrifice was offered.

The Reverend Father Theophane M.S.S.S.T. delivered the sermon during the Mass, wel-

coming the Guilds to the Shrine, and emphasizing the spiritual aspects of the organization. He praised the spirit of cooperation which exists between the two religious communities and the assisting lay organization, and eloquently recalled the life and principles of their founder, Father Thomas Judge, C.M., M.S.S.T., under whose direction the Holy Trinity Guilds also came into existence.

After dinner, His Excellency visited the display booths, and inspected with interest the demonstrations of the various activities of the Communities and the Guilds.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Bishop McLaughlin gave the invocation at the opening of the general meeting, on the lawns of the Shrine. Mr. Daniel J. O'Leary, of Buffalo, New York, National President of the Guilds, then addressed the meeting on the work of the organization during the past year, and its plans for the future. Father Turibius spoke in appreciation of the assistance given the work of the Missionary Servants by the Guilds. Sister Agnes Mary, M.S.B.T., representing the Sisters, Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity, explained the nature and scope of their work. Dr. Margaret Healy, of Brooklyn, New York, spoke on the Outer Missionary Cencacle. After an open discussion of Guild affairs, the meeting closed with the reports of the National Secretary, and of Brother M. Andrew, M.S.S.T., Community-Advisor to the Guilds.

The Convention itself closed with devotions in honor of Saint Joseph, and Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Too much cannot be said about the Holy Trinity Guilds. For years the unselfish labors of the members have permitted the Missionary Servants to carry on their work. We are grateful beyond power of expression and renew our promises of prayers for themselves and their families.

Interracial Pilgrimage

TEN years ago a group of forty-five Negro men, women and children accompanied by the Rt. Reverend John J. Murphy made the first pilgrimage to the Na-

tional Shrine of Saint Joseph, Stirling, New Jersey. Out of the invincible faith of those pilgrims has come two flourishing Jersey parishes and six active missions.

On September 18, 1938, Monsignor Murphy led the tenth annual pilgrimage to the Shrine accompanied by The Reverend Cornelius Ahern of Newark, many other priests, the Sisters, Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity and more than 1500 White and Colored pilgrims. Parishes represented in this pilgrimage included ever Race parish in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, and visitors from Washington, D. C., and Norwalk, Connecticut. The Rt. Reverend Monsignor John Dauenhauer, pastor of Saint Vincent's Church, Madison, New Jersey, representing the Bishop of Paterson, presided. As he did ten years ago when the first group came, Monsignor Murphy delivered the sermon of the Mass.

The Boys Drum and Bugle Corps of the Church of Christ the King, Jersey City, presented a drill program, and in the afternoon the Blessed Martin Choral Group of Harlem, directed by the Reverend Leo S. Cannon, O.P., of Providence College, Providence, Rhode Island, gave a concert. This liturgical choir of sixty-five voices was organized in July, 1937, and has in its first year gained attention as one of the best non-professional choral groups in the East.

It is impossible here to list all the names of those present. Let us say everyone was there. Many notable figures laboring for Interracial Justice addressed the meeting, all lending their support and encouragement to this movement which is spreading so rapidly through New Jersey and New York.

To the Sisters, Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity, who arranged this pilgrimage our sincere congratulations. There is certainly a vast field of work for the Negro in the South—but there is also a crying need for this work in the North. What a marvelous change might come over the world today if the vast army of men and women who call themselves Christians were to practice, as did the first followers of Christ, the great law of Christian love.

Who Are The Missionary Servants?

by Joachim V. Benson, M. S. S. T.

HUNDREDS of new readers will receive *The Preservation of the Faith* magazine for the first time with this issue. For them especially and for all our friends and readers we review the origin and progress of the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity, a religious Community founded in the United States and approved by the Holy See to work on the Home Missions for the preservation of the faith.

The Origin



Father Judge

The Reverend Thomas Augustine Judge was ordained on May 27, 1899. From the beginning of his ministry he began to enlist generous hearted men and women to assist him in his priestly ministrations of souls. As a member of the Vincentian Mission band he was sent from mission to mission and thus was able to spread his ideas. The lay apostolate, which was a new idea in those days, grew rapidly under his direction and the flame of his own spirituality spread to his workers.

In 1915 Father Judge was made superior of the Vincentian Mission band stationed at Opelika, Alabama. He left for the South on August 10, of that year. From his own experiences and those of his predecessors he learned of the helplessness of the priest alone in the Mission field. He realized, too, that one priest could do very little. Writing in 1919 in *The Ecclesiastical Review* he says—"The South is one vast mission field, and apart from the non-Catholic whites there are millions of Negroes to be evangelized. If we do not reach out to them soon, their conversion will be difficult. *The work is too much for a few priests or for a few scattered communities or even a diocese.*" It was his

intention to found a Catholic settlement there in the South. And he did.

He saw the need for an active body of lay Catholics who would be an example of practical Catholicity for the enemies of the Church. He called on his lay associates in the North, and several men and women, filled with a missionary spirit, volunteered their services. They undertook a work of practical Catholic Action in an exceedingly hostile territory. Their neighbors were cold and unfriendly. Poverty was their portion. Yet their endeavors brought results. The exercise of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy made friends of enemies and the very hardships were an incentive for volunteers.

The first two men came South in 1916. Others followed. They entered all sorts of trades and businesses and, in doing so, came into direct contact with the non-Catholic, and fallen-away Catholic Southerner. Their numbers continued to increase and the movement advanced. Finally, Father Judge found himself with a group who wished to live as a religious community. The late Bishop Allen of Mobile, a zealous missionary prelate himself, gave permission for the group to live as a religious community. Early in 1924 a habit was adopted. It is distinguished by the military collar and the three buttons symbolic of the three Persons in God. The garment is gathered at the waist by a cinc-

ture, whose three tabs also are commemorative of the Most Holy Trinity.

Finally, the Sacred Congregation of Affairs of Religious, in a letter dated at Rome on the Feast of Saint Joseph, 1929, officially approved the canonical erection of the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity.

For the Church in America

The Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity do not aspire to permanent missions or parishes or institutions, but rather, to quote Father Judge—"They are to glide in and out among the poor of body and soul, and when the empire of the Church has been built up in one place so that others may carry it on, they will be off to more desolate missions."

They will seek out the most neglected place, the most neglected soul. They will not be afraid to go where Christ would go, and do what Christ would do.

They are to be—"the priestly ally of priests," that is, they are to help and assist the diocesan clergy, especially in the large rural areas. Conditions in rural districts and in large industrial centers are often hostile to the Catholic priest or Sister, and a Catholic layman or laywoman can reach great numbers whom the priest cannot approach.

The priest, assisted by missionary Brothers, will take an active part in the many problems of the layman, spiritual and temporal, individual and social. There are many places a priest cannot go. Says Father Judge—"You laymen are called upon to do things I cannot do as a priest. If I cannot do them and you will not do them, what is to become of these children? Remember the Good Shepherd. He went out after them.

The battles of the Church are fought outside—in the home and in the workshop. The Saints have done work for the Church. You are the successors of these."

The Missionary Servants lean heavily on the layman. They confide in him, and help to train him for missionary work. The development of an organization, known as the Outer Missionary Cenacle which numbers hundreds of lay people in various cities, is an important function of the Missionary Servants.

Experience teaches us that God very often uses a layman as the first instrument in the conversion of a non-Catholic, and many converts will testify that it was the good example of a true Catholic that led them to seek instruction. Lay participation does not constitute laymen as ministers of Christ as are ordained priests, but neither does the Sacrament of Orders exclude the divine institution of lay participation in Christ's priesthood as conferred in the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation. To be an adopted Son of God means to be associated with him in His Office as Priest.

Training of A Missionary Servant

The young men are trained under the very conditions under which they will labor as priests. The novitiate of one year is at Holy Trinity, Alabama, which is situated on a plantation of 1300 acres, twenty-two miles from the nearest city, ten miles from the nearest railroad. The students help to cultivate the ground and the food products are used on their own tables.

Such an apostolic life means a progress in the virtue of self-sacrifice, and, that the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity may ever put Jesus and His Church first,



Holy Trinity, Alabama

they must exhaust self and every species of self interest. They are being trained in the virtue of self-sacrifice from the very beginning.

Self-sacrifice, then, is essential to the Missionary Servant. He is required to give two or three years' service to active missionary work before ordination. The time and length of period is determined by superiors. Experience thus far has proven that this period of training is of great value to the individual aspirant to the priesthood.

House of Studies



Dormitory, House of Studies

The House of Studies is located at Holy Trinity Missionary Cenacle, Silver Spring, Maryland, and the students of Philosophy and Theology attend the seminary at the Catholic University of America. The prescribed course of study at the University is followed.

Father Judge encouraged his men to be zealous in study but warned again and again lest ambition crowd out prayer. "Remember," he said, "you are first and last missionaries. You are to be men of prayer first—then students. Remember what I told you so frequently before, that whatever induces to a spirit of study and piety is a blessing of the highest order. It follows therefore that those who promote such a spirit are God's angels in disguise. The spirit of study certainly is amongst you . . . It is necessary that we have learned priests, but remember the Apostolic Spirit is far more precious than any degree a University can offer . . . Want the degree, aspire to the degree, labor for the

degree, with purity of intention for what the degree stands for, but over and above all this, pray for the graces which are necessary for a missionary."



Chapel, House of Studies

Progress

The Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity are still a young Community. But by the grace of God, with the encouragement of many Bishops and priests, and the generous assistance of friends and benefactors, they are growing rapidly, and at present number approximately one hundred and forty members comprising priests, student Brothers and Missionary Brothers. Forty of the student Brothers live at the House of Studies, and soon by the grace of God will be ordained priests.

The greater part of the work of this new Community and their hopes to be of use to the Church in America, cannot be fully realized until more of their own men are ordained. To quote Richard Reid writing recently in *The Preservation of the Faith*—"There is a wealth of sincerity and good will in the South. The Catholics of the South know that their non-Catholic fellow citizens are honest and fair. And it was this sincerity which encouraged the saintly Father Judge to found his Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity in Alabama, in the heart of the South, and which gives *The Preservation of the Faith* its *raison d'etre*. The growth of the Community in its comparatively few years of existence is nothing short of phenomenal. Its possibilities are limited only by its resources. With these increased

through the generosity of the friends of the Society as they come to understand the work and to appreciate the field that the South affords for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, the prospects would be such as to occasion *Te Deums* in the hearts of all who love Christ and His Church."

For the Home Missions

The sunny South. The average Northerner does not know it, and sometimes does not think well of it. The name tells of insufferable heat, of innumerable Negroes and of white trash densely ignorant. But then one must see the South. If the heat is great the soil is so much more fertile. If the Negro is sworthy his heart is warm, his voice

is sweet and his faith in God refreshingly simple. The South has awakened. There are miles and miles of well-paved roads through North Carolina. Birmingham, Alabama, is called the Pittsburgh of the South. Industrialism may have its attendant evils but its clatter has stirred the people of the South. But best of all the Church has stolen a march on the advance of material progress. Long ago Father Judge said, "If this work is of God it will go on. If not let it perish immediately." It must be of God for it is going on. The Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity are, by the grace of God, Home Missioners—ready, willing, and anxious to follow in the footsteps of their founder and carry the light of faith into the neglected areas of this vast United States.

Saint Paul Goes To Church

by Marie A. Roulet

THE Church was hot and crowded and Dina had almost completely lost the thread of the priest's discourse when she noticed the elderly man seated between herself and her husband. He must have come in while they were saying the Rosary.

She could not quite place the stranger, though she was beset by a haunting sense of familiarity. She wondered if Sam knew him, but her husband's eyes were fixed in reverent attention on the preacher. Dina glanced again at the stranger.

He was regarding her intently, and, for the moment, she was glad that not even the heat wave had crumpled the fresh gray linen dress that she had picked up at a bargain the day before. She forgot herself completely, however, as the old man addressed her. It seemed natural for him to do so, though what he said plunged her into a be-

wildered reverie, from which she roused only at the end of the sermon to see him whispering to Sam.

A bit shocked at their talking in Church, she realized suddenly that she herself had hardly been guiltless. She had certainly heard very little of the sermon, but she resolved to do better during Benediction. She opened her prayer book. As the organist began the *O Salutaris*, she looked around to see if it were necessary to "shush" Sam and the stranger, but the old man had slipped out as unobtrusively as he had come in, and Sam seemed to be praying with a devotion she would do well to imitate.

On the way home she asked perplexedly: "That old gentleman who sat with us—when did he come in?"

"Blessed if I know. He got past me before I knew he was there. I really didn't know

that I concentrated so well on my prayers," Sam grinned.

"You certainly concentrated better than I did. I was a total loss tonight, I'm afraid. But what did he say to you, Sam?"

"That was a queer thing, too," he said thoughtfully. "He must have taken me for some one else, for he told me that my brother had come into my office yesterday and asked for a job and had been turned down because he was just forty."

"Your brother! But—" she caught his arm excitedly.

"Exactly. That's why I think he must have taken me for some one else. You see, a man of forty did come into my office yesterday. I didn't see him, but Jenkins said he had a fine record and seemed a decent sort."

"Did you take him?" Dina asked interestedly.

"I told you I didn't see him. I told Jenkins to hire a young fellow—they'll do more for less money, because they know they have to get experience, and they don't think that they know more about running your business than you do."

Dina could not help smiling. She was remembering one young lad who had felt it was his mission to reorganize Sam's business. He lasted about six weeks.

"At least," Sam amended, "if they do think they know it all, their work habits are not formed yet, and you can train them to do things your way—sometimes. Jenkins told the fellow we couldn't use him."

"That is strange. The old gentleman must have us mixed up with some one else, though I had a feeling that I knew him. He told me . . ." she looked down at her pretty linen frock with frightened distaste . . . "he told me that my sister was working in what practically amounted to a sweat shop for eight dollars a week, sewing on the dresses they sell in the Blue Bird Shop. That's where I bought this, and I thought it such a bargain for the price."

"It's darned good looking, if it is a bargain. Dina, can a woman possibly live on eight dollars a week?"

"More easily than a man of forty can live with no job at all," she countered, a little too quickly.

Sam was too puzzled to quarrel with her.

"I wonder whom he took me for?" he mused. "Whose brother could that guy have been?"

"What did he call you?" Dina asked. "Can you remember?"

"He called me Sam, come to think of it."

His wife's eyes grew large and round.

"He called me Dina," she said slowly. "And you have no brother and I have no sister." She pressed a little closer to her husband's side and slipped her hand inside his arm.

"He didn't sound crazy or senile or anything," Sam said thoughtfully.

"No, he wasn't—and I'm beginning to remember who it was he looked like." Sam could feel her trembling as she spoke and he put his arm around her.

"Do you remember the picture in the parlor at the rectory. Sam, do you think—"

"I think you dropped off to sleep just about the time that Father Kane started talking about the Mystical Body—"

"That was what he *was* talking about. I remember now—'And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it.' But if I dreamed him, Sam, you dreamed him, too!"

"You know, I rather like that—that we even dream alike," Sam said staunchly, but Dina was not to be diverted.

"You don't really think we dreamed him, Sam? He was there when Father Kane started to get ready for Benediction."

"I don't think it matters whether or not we dreamed him," Sam said gravely. "The important thing is what St. Paul made plain—that you and I are not *really* without brothers and sisters—fellow members of one another in the Mystical Body. I'm going to look up that 'brother' of mine tomorrow. And you'd better see that your 'Blue Bird Shop' isn't singing the 'Song of the Shirt' with its bargain dresses."

Call It Reel Estate

by Eileen Leary Gibson

LANDLORDS do not want babies in their houses. The government is building smaller homes, where there is no room for children. What then is to become of a man with a family?

LITTLE heartaches don't concern the whole world. Great headaches do. For example. When Mussolini in his role of landlord evicted certain Abyssinian tenants there was international consternation. Again the procedure of Hitler in objecting to some of the faces in his newly acquired Austria, created a cry of protest among mankind. Man's inhumanity to man seemed so apparent in these cases yet in the affairs of a small town or a large city the same lack of brotherly love is often ignored. Daily many landlords foreclose mortgages on home owners in this nation. Daily many landlords tell tenants that the baby makes them "undesirables."

Read the advertisements in the Sunday edition of a daily newspaper in the "Houses For Rent" columns and notice that some rentals are described in glowing words "beautifully shrubbed yard—for adults only." Watch the moving van as it goes up and down the streets and tell me where or why people are constantly changing their residence. Count the number of people in the real estate business, a business that once conjured to mind the purchase of property that would be a lifetime asset to the buyer. Today real estate like many another business is a product of the mad pagan age,—real estate is a crazy reeling thing, truly it is better called *reel* estate!

Because the subject is one which real estate men and women will defend with facts and figures I present my credentials, my right to challenge the sincerity of landlords. Not only do I challenge the sincerity of some but I question their Christian motives.

At times they "high pressure" persons into buying and renting homes when and where they should not buy or rent.

One of the most priceless things an adult can remember is the childhood that centered around a home,—a home that had acres of ground and always green grass for bare toes in the long summer days. I grew up on a farm and like other farm children in that Massachusetts valley I never knew the meaning of the word landlord. The homes always belonged to us and we could run and romp without a constant volley of "don'ts" by irate landlords or parents worrying about the neighbor's proximity to our merriment and noise. The sense of freedom acquired by this kind of childhood gives to the child a love of life and a dignity of being important under the great sky. In comparison, children of the houses huddled closely together in cities feel like slaves and they try many times the wrong way to be "somebody". Not all children, but enough so that youth of today have the focus of attention in the mounting increase of crimes. It is something divine to give a child the heritage of land, acres of it if possible in the country. If that is not within the practical scope of a parent's endeavours he should at least be permitted a home with a lot that will be a background as well as backyard for the children's whole life.

Now in my married life as the mother of two sons I feel like fighting. Eight times within six years we have moved, beginning in a one room University attic and now at the moment living in a six room single house. We are not welcome as tenants because we

have growing boys who like to yell. Don Bosco said it is good for a boy to shout but Don Bosco had never met some of the present day landlords or even one of my recent Christian landladies. She spent hours of her day on our rented property where she toiled over shrubs and flowers and patted each blade of grass. Our oldest boy must not go on the front lawn and his footprints must be very light on the straw-like grass in the backyard if one can call a twenty foot by twenty foot area a yard (shades of my New England childhood). When another son arrived we were asked to move.

Is the solution to the home problems more small priced homes? The headlines in our daily newspaper read "Acute Demand For \$2500 Homes." The article states that low-cost houses must become an actuality to meet the times. This solution to me is not a complete one. The building of small homes in a 2x4 space will never breed much of the old pioneer family life. In such a house there would be room for one child, perhaps two. The house is purchased with a small down payment, however it takes more than a savings of three hundred to five hundred dollars to make a house a home that will stay in the family for generations as a home should, to be able to carry on a heritage. A house that is purchased with little money and great debt is like a new boat with a hole in the bottom. All around the city where I live there are foreclosures on homes where the buyer hoped to be able to keep "meeting payments." Too many times real estate agents in their zeal for making money and keeping business active persuade a person into buying a home when financially he has no right in fairness to his family to assume the obligation. And after all, pretty as the new houses are they still have little yard space for any growing family.

Growing families can perhaps follow the solution suggested by Henry Ford who appears in these headlines "Ford Foresees Boom Era With Back to the Land Movement." The idea is not original with Mr. Ford. In fact exponents of Catholic philosophy have been trying to get people land-con-

scious for some time. In an encyclical letter of His Holiness Leo XIII on "Condition of the Working People" he gave expression to man's right and place on the land. In part he said, "God has granted the earth to mankind in general, not in the sense that all, without distinction, deal with it as they please, but rather that no part of it has been assigned to anyone in particular, and that the limits of private possession have been left to be fixed by man's own industry and by the laws of individual peoples. . . . Now when man thus spends the industry of his mind and the strength of his body in procuring the fruits of Nature, by that act he makes his own the portion of Nature's field which he cultivates, that portion on which he leaves, as it were, the impression of his own personality . . . there is no one who does not live on what the land brings forth."

So many people moved to the city from farms or have remained in the city because the city made promises, but the city has failed to keep them. The material gain has been little and her portion of happiness that she metes out is meager. Now is the opportune time for encouragement if not participation ('tis not practical en masse) in the regeneration of a people by a rebirth of the land.

No wholesale remedy for present pressure on family life is going to be applied immediately. It would need a miracle to lift all the ills, and God does not work miracles until we have completely exhausted our facilities. We have so much at hand if we but heed His commandments. Senator Wagner spoke recently on the radio about the high percentage of criminals in crowded city conditions and he told about the tearing down of the old slums. The latter is to be commended but my query is threefold. Who pays for the moving of these people? Who sees to the "architect-ing" of the new homes from God's angle, not man's? Will the houses be built around a well shrubbed terrace or a yard where kids can play, or will they be built around a two car garage instead of a nursery?

BOOK REVIEWS

by Catherine C. Clarke

HEART TO HEART. A Cardinal Newman Prayer Book. Compiled From His Writings by Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J. The American Press. \$2.00.

To pray well it is not necessary either to be very wise or very learned. To be sincere is all that is required. But God is a Perfect Being, and there is nothing that forbids us addressing Him in the most perfect language we can find. So that there is something quite appropriate in addressing our prayers to God in the language of one who was not only very wise and very learned, but sincerely simple also.

Many scholars have studied Cardinal Newman for the enduring beauty of his literary style, and the exquisite directness of his literary expression. Father O'Connell, who is one of America's best known commentators on Newman, has previously written on the Cardinal's mastery of literary form.

But here Father O'Connell has been content to let Newman's perfection of expression take second place after the deep piety of his burning spiritual devotion. From the many works of the Cardinal, Father O'Connell has selected prayers, sacred poems, and devotional passages, arranged under the form of prayers on the Mysteries of the Faith, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints, etc. Other selections are arranged to afford spiritual reading and reflections for one's daily meditation.

Only a constant and profound acquaintance with the varied and voluminous writings of Cardinal Newman on the part of the compiler could have made possible such an appealing and satisfying devotional book. It is one of the most spiritually beautiful handbooks of prayer ever done in the English language.

Henry Watts

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA. By Johannes Jorgensen. Longmans, Green Co. New York. \$3.50.

We believe this is a book to carry around with you, to the office, on the train—or to read quietly after a long hard day. It is historical and alive, and the history that was made when Catherine of Siena lived, together with the life of the Saint is irresistible. The world needs Saints today, fearless and equal to the task of proclaiming Christ in the kingdom of Satan. The life of Catherine of Siena is not easy to write, nor is it easy to visualize in the world in which we live. We recommend this book without reservation and congratulate the author and the publishers for having given it to us. It is a beacon light in the world of darkness. To invest in a copy will bring back daily dividends of encouragement, and love and confidence in God.

SCOOP. By Evelyn Waugh. Little Brown Co., Boston. \$2.50.

The author spares no javelins when he directs

them at journalists who write what their employers want and care not if it is the truth. He takes them up and down and over and beyond and indicts them without mercy. The general public is subjected to so much in modern reporting that is not true, and so much which is downright false, that it is good to have a book filled with ridicule of some would-be reporters. For this reason (and for others) we wish it a large circulation and recommend it heartily. The author of *Edmund Campion* is not at his best in *Scoop*—but we honestly feel this might be forgotten when remembering the value of his contribution to truth. Read *Scoop* and get a copy for your friends.

THE MARTYRDOM OF SPAIN. By Alfred Mendizabal. Preface by Jaques Maritain. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$3.00.

There is not a word in this book of the present conflict in Spain. It stops at the threshold of the revolution. When we first heard of the book a very zealous priest said, "By all means you must read it once." We repeat his recommendation to our readers. It should be one of the first books you buy. The whole background of Spain is here—and in her history one cannot help but see the eternal struggle between those who are with Christ and those who are against Him. This book is tremendously important, and should be in the hands of every thinking man and woman.

THE BIRD BELOW THE WAVES. By Benjamin Francis Musser. Magnificat Press, Manchester, New Hampshire. \$2.00.

It is a large book—the compiled writing of many years. Much you may not like. You may think it is too much for one book. It probably is. But it is a book of poetry by a sincere poet and for every page of it that does not strike you, there are probably two pages of sheer delight and profound meditation. We have said before and we say it again his sonnets to the Saints are grand. They are each in their way a biography that deserves many readings. The mind of Benjamin Musser is soaring constantly—like a bird, sometimes high up to the heavens, sometimes just skimming the tops of the trees, sometimes diving below the waves. When he comes back and puts his discoveries into verse you will find always that he has been communing with His Creator.

A PERSONALIST MANIFESTO. By Emmanuel Mounier, Longmans, Green Co. New York. \$2.00.

Dom Virgil Michael, O.S.B., has written a foreword to this book which has been translated from the French by the monks of Saint John's Abbey.

The author is a French philosopher and leader of an international organization known as the *Amis d'Espirit*.

The Manifesto examines the underlying principles of Fascism and Communism and other "systems" of living. But its emphasis is placed on the human person as supreme over the material environment in which he lives. States, governments and systems are for man's sake. Man makes the state, not state the man. Man, made to the image and likeness of God is supreme on the earth and no system which relegates him to third and fourth place in the scheme of things can hope to survive. The book is probably for mature minds—but will attract all sincerely interested in bettering our present social philosophy. The book represents years of thought and discussion and deserves a wide circulation.

CATHOLICISM, COMMUNISM AND DICTATORSHIP. By C. J. Eustace. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Eustace is recognized as a thinking man. In this book he views three social systems from broad angles. The sincerity of the author is apparent throughout the whole book and his deep knowledge of his subject is convincing. It is brief and yet profound. To read it is to profit.

THE FAITH IN PRACTICE. By Philip Hughes. Longmans, Green Co. New York. \$2.00.

The title is excellent—and lay readers will profit from reading. Father Hughes writes with beauty and precision and offers many chapters on how to put that faith which you have within you into your daily lives. It is a book that leaves you clamoring for more.

THE ANALYSIS OF OBJECTS. By Dom Augustine J. Osgniach. Joseph Wagner. New York. \$2.65.

Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen writes the foreword of this book which is dedicated to restoring metaphysical values as contained in the four fundamental categories: substance, quantity, quality and relation. It is not a book for the average reader but should be required reading for those entrusted with the task of educating others. It is, as its subtitle proclaims, "an historico-critical study in the light of Scholastic philosophy." To the publishers—praise for their continued search for books that are fundamental in their penetration to what is wrong with so much of our modern thinking and modern education.

INFANCY-HIDDEN LIFE. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press. New York. \$.35.

This is the third book of the series of "As It Is Written". Like those that have gone before, it is rich in interpretation of the Gospel phrases we know so well. A spiritual treat which is easy to remember. A little book to carry around with you that can be taken out of your pocket at any time in order to find Jesus speaking to you in a calm voice of a Friend and Helper.

OLD NUNS AND OTHER POEMS. By Hugh F. Blunt. The Magnificat Press. Manchester, New Hampshire. \$1.50.

Poets do not always see things as they are but as they should be. Father Blunt is ever in search of the ideal and his poems reflect the Beauty Who is God. This does not mean that he writes above us. The title poem of this book is a touching description of lives that have been spent in the army of Christ the King. One sees immediately all the old veterans of God—who have fought for him year after year—and now wait His final call. And the other poems, too, bring us back again to realities around and within us if we only knew. It is a charming, slender volume which you will want to have, and to give to your friends as a gift.

GEORGIA ADVENTURE. By Douglas Jerrold. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

Students of English literature will possibly confuse the author of this autobiographical narrative with his very distinguished great-grandfather, that Douglas Jerrold who was the friend of Thackeray, Dickens, and many another great light whose names are household words in literary history.

However, Mr. Jerrold has no need to rely upon his ancestry to gain an appreciative audience. He is sufficiently well equipped in the craftsmanship of literature to gain the admiration of his readers. Of that there can be no doubt.

This narrative begins with an account of the author's family traditions as far back as his famous great-grandfather. He tells of his early years, his boyhood at Westminster School, which claims lineal descent from the renowned school maintained by the Benedictine Monks of Westminster Abbey. He tells of his undergraduate days at New College, Oxford. But it is not until Mr. Jerrold speaks of his war service that you come upon the effects of these formative years. As an officer in the Naval Reserve he served in Gallipoli, of whose blunders he speaks scathingly. After Gallipoli he was sent to France, where he was wounded in action.

After the war, Mr. Jerrold for a time was in the service of the English Government, and what he had not already experienced of the fatuity of officialdom, was complicated as he came in contact with the experts, the brain-trusters, and bureaucrats of all kinds. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Jerrold sees the professors and theorists in government departments as a menace to the liberties of the democratic peoples.

Douglas Jerrold lets in the light of truth about the good work and unselfish service of Alfonso XIII, former King of Spain. This needed to be told, and he has told it. And he shows, both by quoted documents whose authenticity cannot be disputed, as well as from his own personal experience, that the so-called rebels in Spain not only were not in rebellion against a lawfully constituted Government, but had pledged themselves to a solemn crusade to deliver Spain from being betrayed by a Communist revolution.

Richard Turpin

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